THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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THE BEAUTIES
OF THE LATE
MARY WOOLSTONCRAFT GODWIN,

Author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." Carefully selected from her various publications, for the entertainment and instruction of the rising generation.

(From MARY, a Fiction.)

HAPPINESS.

THERE are some subjects that are so enveloped in clouds, as you dissipate one, another overspreads it. Of this kind are our reasonings concerning happiness, till we are obliged to cry out with the apostle, *That it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive in what it could consist*, or how satiety could be prevented. Man seems formed for action, though the passions are seldom properly managed; they are either so languid as not to serve as a spur, or else so violent, as to overleap all bounds.

Every individual has its own peculiar trials; and anguish, in one shape or other, visits every heart. Sensibility produces flights of virtue; and not curbed by reason, is on the brink of vice talking, and even thinking of virtue.

Christianity can only afford just principles to govern the wayward feelings and impulses of the heart: every good disposition runs wild, if not transplanted into this soil; but how hard is it to keep the heart diligently, though convinced that the issues of life depend on it.

It is very difficult to discipline the mind of a thinker, or reconcile him to the weakness, the inconsistency of his understanding; and a still more laborious task for him to conquer his passions, and learn to seek content, instead of happiness. Good dispositions, and virtuous propensities, without the light of the Gospel, produce eccentric characters: comet-like, they are always in extremes; while revelation resembles the laws of attraction, and produces uniformity; but too often is the attraction feeble; and the light so obscured by passion, as to force the bewildered soul to fly into void space, and wander into confusion.

THE DEATH OF HENRY.

Mary found Henry very ill. The physician had some weeks before declared he never knew a person with a similar pulse recover. Henry was certain he could not live long; allthe rest he couldobtain was procured by opiates. Mary now enjoyed the melancholy pleasure of nursing him, and softened by her tenderness the pains she could not remove. Every sigh did she stifle, every tear restrain, when he could see or hear them. She would boast of her resignation—yet catch eagerly at the least ray of hope. While he slept she would support his pillow, and rest her head where she could feel his breath. She loved him better than herself—she could not pray for his recovery; she could only say, The will of Heaven be done.

While she was in this state, she laboured to acquire fortitude; but one tender look destroyed it all—she rather laboured, indeed, to make him believe she was resigned, than really to be so.

She wished to receive the sacrament with him, as a bond of union which was to extend beyond the grave. She did so, and received comfort from it; she rose above her misery.

His end was now approaching, Mary sat on the side of the bed. His eyes appeared fixed—no longer agitated by passion, he only felt that it was a fearful thing to die. The soul retired to the citadel; but it was not now solely filled by the image of her who in silent despair watched for his last breath. Collected, a frightful calmness stilled every turbulent emotion.

The mother's grief was more audible.—Henry had for some time only attended to Mary—Mary pitied the parent, whose stings of conscience increased her sorrow; she whispered him, "Thy mother weeps, disregarded by thee; oh! comfort her"—"My mother, thy son blesses thee" The oppressed parent left the room. And Mary *waited* to see him die.

She pressed with trembling eagerness his parched lips—he opened his eyes again; the spreading film retired, and love relumed them—he gave a look—it was never forgotten. My Mary, will you be comforted?

Yes, yes, she exclaimed in a firm voice; you go to be happy—I am not a complete wretch! The words almost choaked her.

He was a long time silent; the opiate produced a kind of stupor. At last, in an agony, he cried, "It is dark; I cannot see thee; raise me up. Where is Mary? did she not say she delighted to support me? let me die in her arms."

Her arms were opened to receive him; they trembled not. Again he was obliged to lie down, resting on her; as the agonies increased he leaned toward her: the soul seemed flying to her, as it escaped out of its prison. The breathing was interrupted; she heard distinctly the last sigh—and lifting up to heaven her eyes, "Father receive his spirit," she calmly cried.

The attendants gathered round; she moved not, nor heard the clamour; the hand seemed yet to press hers; it still was warm. A ray of light from an opened window discovered the pale face.

She left the room, and retired to one very near it; and sitting down on the floor, fixed her eyes on the door of the apartment which contained the body. Every event of her life rushed across her mind with wonderful rapidity—yet all was still—fate had given the finishing stroke. She sat till midnight.—Then rose in a phrensy, went into the apartment, and desired those who watched the body to retire.

She knelt by the bed side;—an enthusiastic devotion overcame the dictates of despair.

She prayed moſt ardently to be ſupported, and dedicated herſelf to the ſervice of that Being into whoſe hands ſhe had committed the ſpirit ſhe almoſt adored—again—and again—ſhe prayed wildly—and fervently—but attempting to touch the lifeleſs hand—her head ſwum—ſhe ſunk—

CONCLUSION.

Mary viſited the continent, and ſought health in different climates; but her nerves were not to be reſtored to their former ſtate. She then retired to her houſe in the country, eſtabliſhed manufactories, threw the eſtate into ſmall farms: and continually employed herſelf this way to diſſipate care, and baniſh unavailing regret. She viſited the ſick, ſupported the old, and educated the young.

Theſe occupations engroſsed her mind: but there were hours when all her former woes would return and haunt her.—Whenever ſhe did, or ſaid any thing ſhe thought Henry would have approved of—ſhe could not avoid thinking with anguiſh of the rapture his approbation ever conceived to her heart—a heart in which there was a void, that even benevolence and religion could not fill. The latter taught her to ſtruggle for reſignation; and the former rendered life ſupportable.

Her delicate ſtate of health did not promiſe long life. In moments of ſolitary ſadneſs, a gleam of joy would dart acroſs her mind—She thought ſhe was haſtening to that world, *where there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage.*

(From the Wrongs of Women.)

ON MADNESS.

Maria contemplated the moſt terrific of ruins—that of a humble ſoul. What is the view of the fallen column, the mouldering arch of the moſt exquiſite workmanſhip when compared with this living memento of the fragility, the inſtability of reaſon, and the wild luxuriancy of noxious paſſions? Enthuſiaſm turned adrift like ſome rich ſtream, overflowing its banks, ruſhes forward with deſtructive velocity, inſpiring a ſublime concentration of thought. Thus thought Maria—theſe are the ravages over which humanity muſt ever mournfully ponder with a degree of anguiſh not excited by crumbling marble or cankering braſs, unfaithful to the truſt of monumental fame. It is not over the decaying productions of the mind embodied with the happieſt art we grieve moſt bitterly. The view of what has been done by man produces a melancholy yet agrandizing ſcene of what remains to be atchieved by human intellect; but a mental convulſion, which like the deva ſtation of an earthquake, throws all the elements of thought and imagination into confuſion, makes contemplation giddy, and we fearfully aſk on what ground *we* ourſelves ſtand. Thinking it ſelfiſh to dwell on her own ſufferings when in the midſt of wretches who had not only loſt all that endears life, but *their very ſelves*, Maria's imagination was occupied with melancholy earneſtneſs to trace the mazes of miſery through which ſo many wretches muſt have paſsed to this receptacle of disjointed ſouls, the grand ſource of human corruption. Often at midnight was ſhe waked by the diſmal ſhrieks of demoniac rage, or of excruciating deſpair, uttered in ſuch wild tones of indeſcribable anguiſh, as proved the total abſence of reaſon, and rouſed phantoms of horror in her mind far more terrific than all that dreaming ſuperſtition ever drew. Beſides, there was frequently ſomething ſo inconceivably picturſque in the varying geſtures of unreſtrained paſſion, ſo irreſiſtibly comic in their ſallies, or ſo heart-piercing pathetic in the little airs they would ſing, frequently burſting out after an awful ſilence, as to faſcinate the attention and to amuſe the fancy whilſt torturing the ſoul. It was the uproar of the paſſions which ſhe was compelled to obſerve; and to mark the lucid beam of reaſon like a light trembling in a ſocket, or like a flaſh which divides the threatening clouds of angry heaven only to diſplay the horrors which darkneſs ſhrouded.

A VISIT TO MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

It was the firſt time I had viſited my native village ſince my marriage. But with what different emotions did I return from the buſy world, with a heavy weight of experience benumbing my imagination to ſcenes that whiſpered recollections of joy and hope moſt eloquently to my heart! The firſt ſcent of the wild flowers from the heath thrilled through my veins, awaking every ſenſe to pleaſure. The icy hand of deſpair ſeemed to be removed from my boſom; and the nurtured viſions of a romantic mind burſting on me with all their original wildneſs and gay exuberance, were again hailed as ſweet realities. I forgot with equal facility that I ever felt ſorrow or knew care in the country, while a tranſient rainbow ſtole athwart the cloudy ſky of deſpondency. The picturſque form of ſeveral favorite trees, and the porches of rude cottages with their ſmiling hedges, were recognized with the gladſome playfulneſs of childiſh vivacity. I could have kiſsed the chickens that pecked on the common, and longed to pat the cows, and frolic with the dogs that ſported on it. I gazed with delight on the windmill, and thought it lucky that it ſhould be in motion at the moment I ſhould paſs by; and entering the dear green lane which led directly to the village, the ſound of the well-known rookery gave that ſentimental tinge the varying ſenſation of my active ſoul, which only ſerve to heighten the luſtre of the luxurient ſcenery. But ſpying, as I advanced, the ſpire peeping over the withered tops of the aged elms that compoſed the rookery, my thoughts flew immediately to the church-yard, and tears of affection, ſuch was the effect of my imagination, bedewed my mother's grave! Sorrow gave place to devotional feelings. I wandered through the church in fancy, as I uſed ſometimes to do on a a Saturday evening; I recollected with what fervour I addreſsed the God of my youth: and once more with rapturous love looked above my ſorrows to the Father of Nature! I pauſe—feeling forcibly all the emotions I am deſcribing: and (reminded as I regiſter my ſorrows of the ſublime calm I have felt, when in ſome

tremenduous ſolitude my ſoul reſted on itſelf, and ſeemed to fill the Univerſe,) I inſenſibly breathe ſoft, huſhing every wayward emotion, as if fearing to fully with a ſigh a contentment ſo extatic.

Biography.

[We ſincerely wish that there might be found among us, men, who, unoccupied in the wily purſuits of wealth, and studious of the honour of their country, and of its individuals, would occaſionally ſpend an hour in collecting materials for the biography of eminent Americans. Muſt foreigners continue to aſſert that genius is not with us? That when a ray is obſerved to glimmer from an obſcure corner, it languiſhes for want of ſupport? Should we not, by perusing the labours of our anceſtors and cotemporaries, take fire from their example, be encouraged by their ſucceſs, and contribute to the honour of our native land? We have European biography in abundance, but that of Americans is but ſeldom to be met with. We this week preſent our readers with a brief ſketch of the life of the late Dr. E. H. SMITH, whoſe untimely fall will long be regretted by the virtuous and the good. This young gentleman was riſing faſt to eminence, both in the paths of medicine and literature. He was the principal editor of that valuable work now published in this city, entitled, THE MEDICAL REPOSITORY, and the author of a ſeries of Eſſays published in it, which have been highly eulogized in Europe, and read with admiration by his countrymen. His death teſtifies his worth.... he fell a victim to his humanity.]

MEMOIRS OF

DR. ELIHU HUBBARD SMITH.

THERE were few who periſhed, during the peſtilential and calamitous ſeaſon of 1798, whoſe fate excited more univerſal regret, and whoſe memory will be more fondly and permanently cheriſhed, than Dr. Elihu Hubbard Smith. In his domeſtic relations, the knowledge of his excellence is neceſsarily confined to few; but by thoſe few, his conduct as a ſon and a brother, will ever be regarded as a model of unblemiſhed rectitude. Indefatigable in the promotion of the true intereſts of thoſe allied to him, a caſual obſerver would be diſpoſed to imagine his whole attention to be abſorbed by this object; and that he whoſe affections were ſo ardent, and his mind ſo active for their good, had no leiſure for the offices of friendſhip, and for the purſuit of general happineſs. To these valuable purpoſes, however, no one attended with more zeal and aſſiduity. To thoſe who were bleſſed with his friendſhip, and the number was by no means ſmall, his attachment was unwavering, and his efforts for their benefit without remiſſion. To the cauſe of general happineſs, he devoted his abilities with no leſs zeal.

He was a native of Litchfield, in Connecticut. The rudiments of knowledge were imbibed at this place. He entered the College of New-Haven at the early age of eleven. Here he gave proofs of intellectual energies and attainments, uſually deemed incompatible with ſo immature an age. His education was completed under the care of the Rev. Timothy Dwight, who kept a ſchool of conſiderable repute at Greenfield. He was admitted into this ſeminary at the age of fifteen, and left it two years after.

He then returned to Litchfield and commenced the ſtudy of medicine under the direction of his father. In the year 1791 he arrived in Philadelphia, and attended the medical lectures that are annually delivered in that city. In the ſucceeding year he took up his abode, as a practitioner of phyſic, at Weathersfield, in Connecticut. Finding little employment in this place for any but his ſocial and moral virtues, he repaired, in the autumn of 1793, to New-York, where he remained till the time of his death.

His talents could not otherwiſe than ſlowly ſurmount the obſtacles which were thrown in the way of his profeſſional ſucceſs by his youth, and by the want of patronage and ſupport. His leiſure, however, he devoted to the beſt purpoſes. Beſides his medical purſuits, he cultivated, with zeal and ſucceſs, almoſt every branch of literature. He was early diſtinguiſhed by his attachment to the muſes, which is atteſted by a great number of juvenile compoſitions. Theſe have found their way, in different forms, to the world, and manifeſted a vigour of imagination and ſtyle, which, with the advantages of age and experience, would have rendered him an honour to his country.

As a phyſician, his loſs is irreparable. He had explored, at his early age, an extent of medical learning for which the longeſt lives are ſeldom found ſufficient. His diligence and activity, his ardour and perſeverence, knew no common bounds. The love of ſcience and the impulſe of philanthropy directed his whole profeſſional career, and left little room for the calculations of emolument. He had formed vaſt deſigns of medical improvement, which embraced the whole family of mankind, were animated by the ſoul of benevolence, and aſpired after every object of a liberal and dignified ambition. He was ripe for the higheſt honours of his profeſſion; his merits were every day becoming more conſpicuous, and nothing but his premature fate deprived him of that extraordinary degree of public confidence which awaited a longer continuance of his life.

In 1796 the corporation of the New-York Hoſpital appointed him one of the phyſicians of that charity. The zeal and aſſiduity with which he diſcharged the duties of his office afforded the ſtrongeſt proofs of humanity, diſintereſtedneſs and public ſpirit.

His writings, already published, inceſſantly awaken regret, that the number of them is not greater. They will long do honour to his memory. They diſplay ſingular diligence and acuteneſs of reſearch, the talents of accurate and extenſive obſervation, great force and preciſion of reaſoning, and the range of a vigorous and comprehenſive mind.

Though ſunk into the ſhades of inaction and ſilence, his example cannot ceaſe to offer inſtruction, nor fail to attract imitation. His plans for the alleviation of human miſery, and the advancement of human happineſs, though deprived of their author and ſupporter, will not entirely periſh. No virtuous effort is loſt: no portrait of excellence is exhibited in vain.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

(Continued from page 311, and concluded.)

As both ſenſe and temper are abſolutely eſſential, it is needleſs to inquire which is ſo in the higheſt degree. Fortunately, they are oftener met with together than ſeparate; for the juſt and reaſonable eſtimation of things which true good ſenſe inſpires, almoſt neceſsarily produces that equanimity and moderation of ſpirit in which good temper properly conſiſts. There is, indeed, a kind of thoughtleſs good nature which is not unfrequently coupled with weakneſs of underſtanding; but having no power of ſelf-direction, its operations are capricious, and no reliance can be placed on it in promoting ſolid felicity. When, however, this eaſy humour appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is ſome danger leſt even men of ſenſe ſhould overlook the defects of a ſhallow capacity, eſpecially if they have entertained the too common notion, that women are no better than playthings, deſigned rather for the amuſements of their lords and maſters, than for the more ſerious purpoſes of life. But no man ever married a fool without ſeverely repenting it; for though the pretty trifler may have ſerved well enough for the hour of dalliance and gaiety, yet when folly aſsumes the reigns of domestic, and eſpecially of parental controul, ſhe will give a perpetual heart-ache to a conſiderate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with inſtances of conſiderable powers of the underſtanding, combined with waywardneſs of temper, ſufficient to deſtroy all the comfort of life. Malignity is ſometimes joined with wit, haughtineſs and caprice with talents, ſourneſs and ſuſpicion with ſagacity, and cold reſerve with judgment. But all theſe being in themſelves unamiable qualities, it is leſs neceſsary to guard againſt the poſſeſsors of them. They generally render even beauty unattractive; and no charm but that of fortune is able to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domeſtic felicity, you have probably already ſeen enough of the matrimonial ſtate to judge.

Many of the qualities which fit a woman for a companion, alſo adapt her for the office of a *helper;* but many additional ones are requiſite. The original purpoſe for which this ſex was created, is ſaid, you know, to have been, providing man with a *help-mate;* yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife which leaſt occupies the imagination in the ſeaſon of courtſhip. Be aſsured, however, that as an office for *life,* its importance ſtands extremely high to one whoſe ſituation does not place him above the want of ſuch aid; and fitneſs for it ſhould make a leading conſideration in his choice. Romantic ideas of domeſtic felicity will infallibly in time give way to that true ſtate of things, which will ſhew that a large part of it muſt ariſe from well ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniences. A clean and quiet fireſide, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a houſe managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accommodation of a ſtranger, a ſkilful as well as affectionate nurſe in time of ſickneſs—all theſe things compoſe a very conſiderable part of what the nuptial ſtate was intended to afford us; and without them no charms of perſon or underſtanding will long continue to beſtow delight. The arts of houſewifery ſhould be regarded as *profeſſional* to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to ſelect one for that ſtation who is deſtitute of them, or diſinclined to exerciſe them, however otherwiſe accompliſhed, it is as abſurd, as it would be to chooſe for your lawyer or phyſician a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law or phyſic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good-will are not the only requiſites for the office of a helper. It demands a certain energy both of body and mind, which is leſs frequently met with among the females of the preſent age than might be wiſhed. How much ſoever infirm and delicate health may intereſt the feelings, it is certainly an undeſirable attendant on a connection for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a helpmate, than a condition which conſtantly requires that aſſiſtance which it never can impart. It is, I am ſure, the fartheſt thing from my intention to harden your heart againſt impreſſions of pity, or ſlacken thoſe ſervices of affectionate kindneſs by which you may ſoften the calamitous lot of the moſt amiable and deſerving of the ſpecies. But a matrimonial choice is a choice for your own benefit, by which you are to obtain additional ſources of happineſs; and it would be mere folly in their ſtead voluntarily to take upon you new incumbrances and diſtreſses. Akin to an unnerved frame of body, is that ſhrinking timidity of mind, and exceſſive nicety of feelings, which is too much encouraged under the notion of female delicacy. That this is carried beyond all reaſonable bounds in modern education, can ſcarcely be doubted by one who conſiders what exertions of fortitude and ſelf-command are continually required in the courſe of female duty. One who views ſociety cloſely, in its interior as well as its exterior, will know that occaſions of alarm, ſuffering, and diſguſt come much more unfrequently in the way of women than of men. To them belong all offices about the weak, the ſick, and the dying. When the houſe becomes a ſcene of wretchedneſs from any cauſe, the man often runs abroad, the woman muſt ſtay at home and face the worſt. All this takes place in cultivated ſociety, and in claſſes of life raiſed above the common level. In a ſavage ſtate, and in the lower conditions, women are compelled to undergo even the moſt laborious, as well as the moſt diſagreeable taſks. If nature, then, has made them ſo weak in temper and conſtitution as many ſuppoſe, ſhe has not ſuited means to ends with the foreſight we generally diſcover in her plans.

I confeſs myſelf decidedly of the opin-

ion of thoſe who would rather form the two ſexes to a reſemblance of character, than contraſt them. Virtue, wiſdom, preſence of mind, patience, vigour, capacity, application, are not *ſexual* qualities; they belong to mankind—to all who have duties to perform and evils to endure. It is ſurely a moſt degrading idea of the female ſex, that they muſt owe their influence to trick and fineſſe, to counterfeit or real weakneſs. They are too eſſential to our happineſs to need ſuch arts; too much of the pleaſure and of the buſineſs of the world depends upon them, to give reaſon for apprehenſion that we ſhall ceaſe to join partnerſhip with them. Let them aim at excelling in the qualities peculiarly adapted to the parts they have to act, and they may be excuſed from affected langour and coquetry. We ſhall not think them leſs amiable for being our beſt helpers.

Having thus endeavoured to give you juſt ideas of the principal requiſites in a wife, eſpecially in a wife for one in your condition, I have done all that lies within the compaſs of an adviſer. From the influence of paſſion I cannot guard you: I can only deprecate its power. It may be more to the purpoſe to diſſuade you from *haſty engagements*, becauſe in making them, a perſon of any reſolution is not to be regarded as merely paſſive. Though the head has loſt its rule over the heart, it may retain its command of the hand. And ſurely if we are to pauſe before any action, it ſhould be before one on which "all the colour of remaining life" depends. Your reaſon muſt be convinced, that to form a ſolid judgment of ſo many qualities as are requiſite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days and weeks, of caſual viſits or public exhibitions —Study your object at *home*—ſee her tried in her proper department. Let the progreſs be, liking, approving, loving, and laſtly, declaring! and may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice ſo formed is not likely to deceive.

You may think it ſtrange, that I have not touched upon a conſideration which generally takes the lead in parental eſtimates of matrimonial views—that of *fortune*. But I have been treating on the *woman* only, not on any thing extraneous to her. Fortune acquired with a wife, is the ſame thing as fortune got any other way. It has its value, and certainly no ſmall one in procuring the deſirable comforts of life; and to ruſh into a ſtate in which wants will be greatly increaſed, without a reaſonable proſpect of being able to ſupply thoſe wants, is an act, not merely of careleſsness, but of downright folly. But with reſpect to the ſources whence their ſupply is to be ſought, that is a particular enquiry to each individual; and I do not think ſo ill of your prudence as to apprehend that you will not give it all the attention its importance demands. Another conſideration, that of the *family connections* formed by marriage, is of a ſimilar kind. Its great importance cannot be doubted; but it is an affair to be determined on by the dictates of common prudence, juſt as in forming thoſe connections after any other mode: though, indeed, in no other can they be formed equally ſtrong. One who is maſter of his deliberations, may be truſted to decide theſe points as well as any others that occur in the practice of life. That your deciſions may always ſhew you to be poſſeſſed of a due power of ſelf-direction, is the earneſt wiſh of, Your truly affectionate, &c.

THE REFLECTOR.

[NO. XX.]

MILTON'S SAMSON AGONISTES.

O miſerable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samſon far renown'd,
The dread of Iſrael's foes, who, with a strength
Equivalent to angels, walk'd their ſtreets,
None off'ring fight; who ſingle combatant
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himſelf an army; now unequal match
To ſave himſelf againſt a coward arm'd
At one ſpear's length? O ever failing truſt
In mortal ſtrength!

ALONG with *Paradiſe Regained* appeared the dramatic poem, entitled *Samſon Agoniſtes*, which has for its ſubject the renowned judge of Iſrael, whoſe hiſtory is recorded in the Old Teſtament. Milton was a religious character; he, therefore, was partial to his Bible, and juſtly thought that it furniſhed the fineſt ſubject for poetry. In conformity to this opinion, he ſelected the incidents of Samſon's life, and has produced a piece which has enſured to itſelf the approbation of poſterity.

It was publiſhed in the year 1670, and ſhews that Milton poſſeſſed a variety of talent, adapted to almoſt every topic on which human ability could be exerted with ſucceſs. An epic poem he had already produced of the firſt importance; and from the author of ſuch a work, we might naturally expect every thing which could gratify the imagination and intereſt the heart. Nor in the peruſal of ſuch a writer ſhall our expectations be diſappointed.

The argument of this poem may be thus detailed:—Samſon made captive, blind, and now in the priſon at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouſe; on a feſtival day, in the general ceſſation from labor, he comes forth into the open air to a place nigh, somewhat retired, in order to ſit a while and bemoan his ſad condition. Here he happens, at length, to be viſited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the *Chorus*, who ſeek to comfort him. His father, Manoa, alſo viſits and comforts him, and informs him of his purpoſe, to procure his liberty by a ranſom; laſtly, he tells him that this feaſt was proclaimed by the Philiſtines as a day of thankſgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samſon, which circumſtance yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to proſecute his intention with the Philiſtine lords for Samſon's redemption, who in the mean time, is viſited by other perſons. A public officer then appears to require his coming to the feaſt before the lords and people, to ſhew his ſtrength in their preſence. At firſt Samſon refuſes, diſmiſſing the meſſenger with an abſolute denial; but at length perſuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with the officer, who now came the ſecond time to fetch him with threatenings. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns, full of joyful hope, to procure, ere long, his ſon's deliverance. In the midſt of this diſcourſe an Hebrew comes in haſte, confuſedly at firſt, and afterwards more diſtinctly relating to him the fatal cataſtrophe, what Samſon had done to the Philiſtines, and, by accident, to himſelf, pulling down the temple in which the lords were aſſembled, and involving himſelf in the general deſtruction! Such is the

topic of this dramatic poem, and it is suited to the mournfulness of tragedy.

There are several beautiful passages worthy of Milton, which might be here transcribed: we must, however, for want of room, be sparing in our quotations.

Samson is the hero of the poem, and, accordingly, at the very opening, we find him thus affectingly described—they are his own words, and highly characteristic of his condition:—

" A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me:
Where I a pris'ner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire,
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwilling this rest
Their superstition yields me: hence with leave
Retiring from the pop'lar noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel; who at last in sight,
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off an altar, where an off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His God-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd,
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task,
With this heav'n gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond slave! Promise was that I
Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him
Eyeless in *Gaza*, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke!"

The Chorus deeply affected by the contemplation of such a spectacle, *S*[illegible], the choice servant of Israel, offer up the following beautiful prayer:—

" God of our fathers! What is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute!
Nor do I name of them the common rout,
That wand'ring loose about,
Grow up and perish as the summer-fly,
Heads without name no more remember'd;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their height of noon,
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high;
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
Or to th' unjust tribunals under change of times,
And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.
If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age:
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
The punishment of dissolute days; in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in his state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end."

Immediately after this scene *Delilah*, the wife of Samson, who had betrayed him into the hands of the Philistines, appears; and the conversation between them is in every respect suited to their respective characters and conditions: the following circumstance made us smile:

Del. In argument with men, a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.
Sams. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
Witness when I was *worried with thy peals!*

The *Messenger's* account of Samson's fall, is exceedingly interesting and picturesque. We shall give it in conjunction with the exclamation of the Chorus which follows:

" *Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among those aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew nigh, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was *Samson*, as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, and break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission-sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As overtir'd, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on these two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when *Samson*
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fix'd, he stood as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd;
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:

Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and water pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each *Philistian* city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast,
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scap'd, who stood without.
Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To *Israel*, and now ly'st victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd,
Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold
Of dire necessity; whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
Than all thy life had slain before."

Finally the triumphant declaration of *Manoa*, the father of Samson, upon hearing what had been accomplished by his son, together with the song of the chorus with which the poem concludes, possesses great beauty and propriety.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body, where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever-green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.
Chor. All is best though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence *Gaza* mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontroulable intent:
His servant he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismist,
And calm of mind, all passion spent."

It is generally supposed that Milton has delineated, in his *blind* hero, many particulars with a view to his own condition. Certainly there was a melancholy resemblance, particularly in their loss of sight, in their domestic troubles, and in their extraordinary strength—the one, indeed, corporeal, the other intellectual; but the degrees of each were very distinguished. The perusal of the poem, with a reference to the character and circumstances of its author, imparts an additional importance to the sentiments with which it is fraught. The expressions also, in this view acquire an encreasing beauty, become more interesting to the imagination, and more impressive upon the heart.

Dr. Johnson is displeased with *Samson Agonistes*, because it is formed upon the plan of the ancient tragedies, which were accompanied with a chorus; but adds, "In this tragedy are, however, many particular beauties, many just sentiments and striking lines." Dr. Blair is not disposed to abandon the Chorus *entirely*, though Johnson has, authoratively, termed it the incumbrance of tragedy. "One use I am of opinion," says Dr. Blair, "might still be made of the *ancient chorus*, and would be a considerable improvement of the modern theatres, if instead of that unmeaning, and often improperly chosen music, with which the audience is entertained in the intervals between the acts, a *chorus* were then to be introduced, whose music and songs, though forming no part of the play, should have a relation to the incidents of the preceding act, and to the dispositions which those incidents are presumed to have awakened in the spectators. By this means the tone of passion would be kept up without interruption, and all the good effects of the ancient chorus might be preserved for inspiring proper sentiments, and for encreasing the morality of the performance, without these inconveniences which arose from the chorus forming a constituent part of the play, and mingling unseasonably and unnaturally with the personages of the drama."

New-York,
SATURDAY, MAY, 22, 1802.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY,
NO. 11, PARK.

In No. 11 of THE LADY'S MONITOR, we gave a general account of this *Repository of Genius*. By a reference to it, our readers will perceive that we promised a more particular description than it was then in our power to bestow. The obstacles which prevented a detailed account are now removed; and we are enabled, from the politeness of Mr. LONGWORTH, the ingenious proprietor, to lay before our patrons a full account of each picture, with the passages in Shakspeare from which they are severally taken. We shall continue them weekly, till the public has been gratified with a complete description of one of the principal ornaments of our city, and of the united efforts of some of the greatest geniuses of Europe.

The Frontispiece to the Gallery represents Shakspeare seated upon a rock, between *Poetry* and *Painting*. *Poetry* is on his right hand, addressing Shakspeare, and presenting him with a wreath of Bays, while she celebrates his praise on her Lyre. Her head is ornamented with a double Mask, to shew she has bestowed the double power of *Tragedy* and *Comedy* upon her favourite Son. Shakspeare is represented as listening to her with pleasure and attention. On his left is *Painting*, who is addressing the Spectator, with one hand extended towards Shakspeare's breast, pointing him out as the proper object of her pencil, while he leans his left hand on her shoulder, as if accepting her assistance.

MARRIED,

At New-Brunswick, (N. J.) on Monday last, STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, Esq. formerly Lieut. Governor of this State, to the facetious Miss CORNELIA PATERSON, daughter of Wm. Paterson, Esq. late Governor of New-Jersey.

Parnassian Garland.

ORIGINAL.

ODE

TO THE FAIR MEDDLERS.

Calculated for the meridian of Gossipshire, but will apply, without material deviation, to almost any place in the Union.

BRIDLE your little tongues, a moment, pray,
And hear what gentle Phaon has to say,
(Who lately ran away ! !)
And who, with your consent, will lay before ye
A moral thought or two, by way of story.

A busy man I knew, of late,
Whose all-prolific pate,
Pregnant with satire, puns, squibs, jokes,
Tickled the wags and merry folks,
Who flock'd to hear him prate.

This fellow had one vile, confounded trick,
(For which he suffered many a kick)
Soon as each morning brighten'd in the skies,
The wag would rise;
And while his neighbours all lay sleeping,
He in their windows would be peeping,
Prying into each hole and breach
To which his curious eye could reach,
Leaving his *own* doors all wide open,
For any meddling cur to grope in.

One morn, while he, as usual, sneak'd around,
A nimble gentleman——in brief
It was a vile, ungracious thief,
Slipt slily in his gaping doors, and found
A goodly prey;
Sans leave, the avaricious fellow
Clear'd from the garret to the cellar,
And bore away !

Great was our wight's chagrin, I trow
When he return'd——for lo !
Some moveables had sought another place;
His chin at least three inches fell;
He stood, as one beneath a spell;
His rifled desk stood gaping in his face !

" 'Tis well ?" he cried at length, and rubb'd his eyes;
" Hence let experience learn me to be wise;
" Had I let others' cares alone,
" And look'd, more wisely, to my *own*,
" Fortune and I had never been at odds;
" And this vile thief,
" Of rogues the chief,
" Had never scrap'd acquaintance with my goods."

How now, ye charming little prattling souls,
This is a pretty story, is it not ?
Remember then, the wag's unhappy lot;
Read, and rejoice that ye are not such fools !

PHAON.

SELECTED.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

The following productions of a Young Lady, is, we think, a sufficient proof, that our sex have not the only claim to refinement of taste, elegence of style, or purity of sentiment.

OH Solitude ! celestial maid !
Wrap me in thy sequester'd shade,
And all my soul employ !
From folly, ignorance and strife,
From all the giddy whirls of life,
And loud unmeaning joy.

While in the Statesmen's glowing dream,
Fancy pourtrays the high wrough scheme
And plans a future fame;
What is the phantom he pursues ?
What the advantage that accrues ?
Alas ! an empty name.

To him the grave no pleasure yields,
Nor mossy bank, nor verdent fields,
Nor daisy painted lawns;
In vain th' ambrosial gale invites,
In vain all nature sheds delights,
Her genuine charms he scorns.

Pleasure allures the giddy throng,
The gay, the vain, the fair, the young
All bend before her shrine;
She spreads around delusive snares,
The borrow'd garb of bliss she wears,
And tempts in form divine.

Fashion with wild tyrannic sway,
Directs the business of the day,
And reigns without controul;
The beaux and sparkling belles confess,
She animates the modes of dress,
And chains the willing soul.

Can these, the slaves of fashion's power
Enjoy the silent, tranquil hour,
And bloom with nature's glow ?
Or to the votaries of sense,
Can solitude her chams dispense,
And happiness bestow ?

How wretched that unfurnish'd mind,
Which to each vain pursuit inclin'd,
Is ever bent to roam.
Oh ! be that restless state abhor'd,
Seek not for happiness abroad,
She's only found at home.

Ye sages ! who with anxious care,
Rov'd thro' the fleeting tracts of air
A vacuum to find;
Wiser, had ye employ'd your skill,
With solid sense and worth to fill,
The vacuum of the mind.

Let choice, not wrinkled spleen, engage
The mind to quit the world's gay stage,
Where folly's scenes are play'd;
Scur discontent and pining care,
Breed storms in life's serenest air,
And taint the silent shade.

Not wounded by misfortune's dart,
I seek to ease the rankling smart
Of thorny, festering woe;
But far remov'd from crowds and noise,
To reap fair virtue's placid joys.
In wisdom's soil they grow.

I ask not pageant pomp nor wealth,
For blest with competence and health,
'Twere folly to be great;
May I thro' life serenely glide
As yon clear streamlet's purling tide
Nor quit this lov'd retreat.

Beneath this leafy arch reclin'd,
I taste more true content of mind,
Than frolic mirth can give;
Here to the busy world unknown,
I feel each blissful hour my own,
And learn the art to live.

While turning nature's volume o'er
Fresh beauties rise, unseen before.
To strike th' astonish'd soul !
Our mental harmony improves,
To mark each plannet how it moves,
How all in order roll.

From nature's fix'd, unerring laws,
I'm lifted to th' eternal cause,
Which moves this lifeless clod;
This wond'rous frame, this vast design,
Proclaims the workmanship divine,
The architect a *God*.

Oh ! sacred bliss ! thy paths to trace,
Far happiest thou of human race,
To whom this boon is given;
Each day in some delightful shade,
By contemplation's fost'ring aid,
To plume the soul for Heaven.

FUGITIVE LINES.

THE bird of morn now sweet will sing,
To hail the genii of the spring;
The mild breeze waft thy praise along
And fancy boasts thee in her song;
But I no joy can know from thee,
While pensive grief still dwells with me,

The bird of eve with wood notes wild,
Can find with song her pains beguil'd:
And lean her bosom on the spray,
To warble all her grief away,
But can I touch the string with glee
When pensive sorrow dwells with me ?

The widow'd dove to rest has flown;
The druid winds the plain along;
The star of love her paler beam
Solt dimples o'er the frozen stream;
The rude blasts whistles o'er the lea,
And grief as rude still dwells with me.

The reed that ev'ry zephyr bends,
E'en to the root the wild gale rends;
Whilst oaks that eye the winds with scorn
For ages smile amid the storm.
Fond thought ! the poppy yields to thee,
And sleep drives sorrow far from me.

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